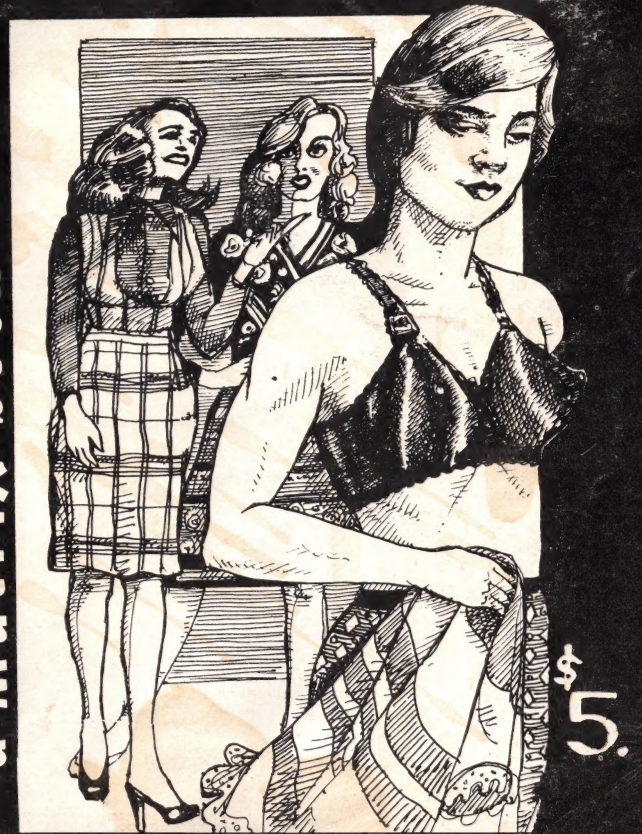


BOUND in DRESSES

a Mutrix book





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BOUND IN DRESSES

by Ruth

Part One: A New Daughter!

Young Bill Baker had a cute sister and a pretty cousin, and his tender age of fifteen did not prevent him from admiring the two girls in their lovely dresses whenever they were around. He not only admired the two girls, but he admired their clothes too. Often when the girls and their mother or aunt were out and no one was home but Bill, he would walk into his sister's room to look at her pretty things. He liked to open the different drawers of her dresser and handle the exciting lingerie he found there. He liked to touch all her panties and bras and stockings, holding them out in front of his face to admire them. Then he would look in her closet and touch all her dresses and nightgowns. He always enjoyed putting his hands inside the silky blouses lined up on their hangers. When he was done admiring everything, he would return to his room and lie on his bed to dream of what it must be like being a girl and wearing all those attractive things. No one ever suspected that he did this whenever he was alone in the house.

One summer afternoon when he was alone again, he got bolder. He removed all his clothes and went into his sister's room naked. As he opened her drawers and handled the various panties, girdles, and bras, he felt wonderfully excited. He began kissing the panties tenderly. He rubbed the slips over his face and kissed the satin cups of his sister's bras. He felt a warm glow all over his body. He went to her closet and opened it. On the closet floor were her high heels. He picked them up one by one and kissed them all over, moaning softly as he did so. Then he took out a satin minidress on a hanger and held it out before him to admire it. As he held it in front of him he felt a powerful urge which he could not understand. Strange ideas were coming into his head and he was too embarrassed even to think them. He just stood there in a trance, gazing at the satin minidress.

Then the front door opened, and before Bill could even move he was seen by his pretty sister, Paulette, and her cousin, Carol. To make matters even worse, Paulette had her camera with her and she instantly took Bill's picture! Now the girls had him and could do anything they liked, because if Bill did not do as he was told the girls threatened to expose him to the entire neighborhood.

Paulette had long been waiting for a chance to teach her brother a few lessons about the superiority of females. Now was her opportunity. In a few words she made it clear to Bill what she wanted, and he had no choice but to obey. He was through being the superior male in the house now. It was time for him to learn what a helpless creature he really was. He was already frightened at his sister's words and felt truly mortified standing before the girls without a stitch on him and still holding up the satin minidress. His face was burning.

When Paulette finished explaining her intentions of subduing her brother's will, she took the minidress from him and hung it up nearby where it would be handy. Carol smiled at the idea of submitting Bill to some female domination and she was completely in favor of aiding Paulette in doing it. Paulette went to her costume trunk, where she kept things which she used in some neighborhood theatrical plays. After rummaging around for a minute, leaving Bill to stand naked in the middle of the room, she found what she wanted. It was quite a shock to Bill. From the trunk she produced a marvelous rubber form which was an exact imitation of a female bosom. The breasts were large and well shaped with excitingly bulging nipples. There were straps for attaching the form around the body.

With an impish smile, Paulette approached her brother with the humiliating object. He felt himself growing faint as she touched him with it and began fastening it around him, adjusting the big breasts on his chest. When she had done it, she stepped back and admired the result. Bill was now a nude male with size thirty-eight female breasts! The effect was astonishing. When the girls had teased Bill enough about his new bosom, they went on with the domination. Paulette got a black lace garter belt and fastened it on over Bill's waist, while Carol fitted sheer black nylons over his feet and drew them snugly up his legs, fastening the stockings up at his bare hips. Next, Paulette took out a black satin brassiere. She teased Bill with it by moving the satin cups softly over his face and lips. Then she placed the bra over his supple breasts and clasped it on him firmly. A pink nylon slip was put on him over that, and then the satin minidress. Neither of these garments reached down to Bill's crotch, but the girls didn't seem to mind that. Carol fitted snug high heel shoes on Bill's feet, leaving him toppling on his toes and in obvious discomfort.

At this point Bill would have willingly donned a pair of his sister's nylon panties, since his penis was completely exposed below the short minidress and slip. He felt so embarrassed he finally begged his sister to give him the panties, but she refused and merely laughed at him. Together the girls worked on Bill's face with lipstick and makeup until they had made him quite feminine. They put a pretty girl's wig on him and added earrings and other jewelry, then put a feminine wig on him. Through the entire transformation, they kept taking pictures. Now there was plenty of material to blackmail him. To finish the subjection of the moment, Paulette got out some ropes. She and Carol marched Bill out of the room and down the cellar stairs. Once in the cellar, the girls found it quite easy to tie Bill in a spread-eagled position between two posts, using the various beams and boards that were available all around. Completely humiliated, Bill stood with his hands tied high above his head and his feet spread apart, dressed in feminine clothes and high heels, with nothing to cover his exposed genitals. His face was bright red with shame.

"Let's have a little wind!" Paulette said mischievously. She plugged in a fan and placed it directly in front of her victim. When she turned it on the breeze blew over Bill's body and raised the hem of the slip and minidress even higher. Now he really felt embarrassed. His penis, unable to resist the strange sensations of all this treatment any longer, began to swell and grow longer! The girls giggled at the sight of it. In a few moments Bill's penis was straining and pointing straight out with a tremendous erection that measured all of eleven inches! Even his balls seemed to have swelled and were begging to be handled. Poor Bill had never been so humiliated.

"Let's see how much he can stand," Carol suggested. She went around the cellar and opened all the dusty windows so that anybody might peek in. A light was shining directly over Bill's head, which made it easy for him to be observed even from outdoors. Now Carol began unbuttoning her silk blouse in front of Bill. As the blouse fell away it revealed a lovely satin bra to Bill, overflowing with desire to touch her. The bra hardly covered the large curves of Carol's breasts as she moved tantalizingly before Bill's face. Suddenly, Paulette reached over and unfastened Carol's bra, letting it fall to the floor. Bill gasped as he saw Carol's pliant boobs swaying gracefully in his face! Then he watched Paulette's hands moving softly over Carol's breasts and presenting them slowly to his mouth. As Carol stood on a stool before Bill,

she permitted Paulette to ease one of her nipples into Bill's waiting mouth. The moment this happened he felt a wonderful sensation and his penis ejected a sudden spray of hot sperm all over Carol's skirt!

"You animal!" Carol snapped at him, withdrawing her breast and slapping Bill across the face. Bill's penis was still dripping a stream of sperm on the floor. Never had he experienced anything like this in his life. Carol quickly removed her wet skirt. "See what you did to my skirt?" she said. And she shoved the wet skirt into Bill's face. Oddly, this action caused a fresh erection and another burst of sperm from Bill's penis! This time the sperm went all over Carol's panties. Infuriated, she pulled them off. "Now look what you've done!" she scolded. She loosened the ropes at Bill's ankles and slipped the panties up his legs, fitting them snugly over his offending penis. Then she bound his legs to the posts again as before. Bill felt the wet panties hugging his penis and balls, causing him to have a third erection!

"Well, this is certainly remarkable!" Paulette said to her cousin. "I never knew our little slave girl could put on such a performance." Paulette slowly removed all her clothing in front of her brother. She had herself become aroused by watching what had happened. Now she had a strange desire to do something to Bill. She went up to him and pressed her body against his. She stood on the stool, so that Bill's penis fitted neatly under her crotch. Carol could see the male organ bulging there through the wet panties. Softly, Paulette placed her mouth over her brother's and kissed him. Her hands moved gently over the rear of his body and down over the panties. As Carol watched the scene, she was unaware of a face in one of the windows. A girl outside had noticed the activity and was watching everything. Bill saw the girl looking in, but he didn't dare to say a word. He was helpless now and didn't seem to care. He felt something swelling and moving inside him. Suddenly, his penis stretched out its full length and ejected a gush of sperm that poured right through the nylon panties and ran over Paulette's thighs and legs. At that moment her vagina pressed over the end of his organ and accepted it quickly. Paulette kissed him passionately and she felt the penis throb and fill her until she had all eleven inches in her! The panties were straining and tearing as Bill pushed his organ with a fourth erection more exciting than all the others, and again he had a great climax. He saw the girl outside and Carol looking on with amazement.

After that scene, the girls untied Bill and took him back upstairs. He was greatly ashamed at having sex with his sister and did not know what to think of it all. He knew he shouldn't do it, and yet it was very pleasant! They took him into his sister's room again, still wearing her minidress. They took the satin dress off and removed the slip, then gave him a cloth to clean himself off. Paulette was still nude, and Carol only had on her skirt. The two girls changed into transparent negligees and dressed Bill in a long satin nightgown. His imitation breasts looked very real under the lace bosom of the nightgown. The only other thing he had on was a pair of black nylons and high heels. Paulette smiled as she touched up Bill's lipstick. Bill wondered what was coming next!

The girls stretched him out on his back on his sister's bed. His wrists and ankles were tied to the bedposts. Now Paulette got on the bed and knelt above Bill's head, facing toward his feet. Carol got on the bed and knelt over Bill's chest, facing toward Paulette. Now the two girls moved closer until their bodies were directly above Bill's face. They lifted their negligees, exposing their panties. Bill could see the panties touch as the girls came together just over his face. Paulette and Carol were embracing and their lips were touching in a passionate kiss! Slowly they lowered themselves until their panties rested on Bill's face. He could feel Carol's warm vagina rubbing against his mouth, and Paulette's love nest was moving up and down his nose and forehead! Bill's penis stood up straight in the satin gown and begged for stimulation. But no one was giving it to him. As Carol and Paulette kissed again and again, caressing each other's breasts, their vaginas rubbed faster over Bill's mouth and face. At last Bill felt the hot moisture as the two girls climaxed on his face, and he felt his penis discharge its sperm into the satin gown. His body moved wildly and he licked the girls' love organs with his tongue! Carol pulled off her panties and placed her bare vagina on Bill's lips. He darted his tongue into her and felt her organ close over his entire mouth. Again his penis swelled and overflowed in its great pleasure. The satin gown was already soaked with his sperm. He saw Carol's fingers reach down and enter Paulette's vagina, and the fingers moved in and out until Paulette was moaning. Bill licked Carol's fingers and licked Paulette's vagina. Then the girls put their sex organs together so that Bill could kiss them both together.

After the orgy was over, everyone got cleaned up and changed. Carol and Paulette dressed in black satin skirts and white silk blouses. The girls put Bill in new stockings and laced him into a powerful panty girdle with satin panels in front. Over that he wore nylon panties. He was put into a low cut satin bra and a slip. Finally, they made him wear a cute pink party dress with a scoop neck. It had a full skirt and under it were two bulging petticoats. High heels were fitted on his feet and dangling rhinestone earrings were fastened to his lobes. With the long, flowing wig and the makeup Paulette pronounced him ready for the next ordeal. The girls named him "Trixie" and gave him a patent leather handbag to carry. He was now going to the store in his new outfit.

Greatly horrified, Bill was led outside the house by the girls. Paulette put a dollar in Bill's purse and told him to go buy some bread. She warned him he would be locked outside until he returned with the bread. Then the girls went in and shut the door. Having no choice, Bill headed down the street toward the store. His dress blew in the frisky breeze and his heels clicked on the sidewalk. He didn't dare look at the other passers-by on the street for fear of attracting their attention. But as he walked along he felt the friction of the lingerie rubbing against him and exciting his body. His penis suddenly stiffened in the girdle and he got a terrible erection! He tried to ignore it, but he felt it growing at every step. Nervously he ran his hand over the skirt of his dress, wanting to do something to ease the tension he was suffering. People were beginning to look. Luckily, he reached the store before things got any worse. He rushed inside to escape further notice.

But when he was inside, he found a new problem to contend with. There was no one there except the clerk. He was a young flirt, as everyone in the neighborhood knew. He appeared to be interested in what he saw, because he started following Bill to the back of the store where the bread was. Suddenly, he showed Bill a gun. He ordered him into the back room. The clerk locked the door and made Bill lie down on a low bed with his head hanging down over the end. Then the clerk pulled down his pants and produced a swelling penis a foot long. Quickly, he knelt down above Bill's head and began rubbing the penis over Bill's face! Then the clerk inserted his penis into Bill's mouth and began playing with Bill's breasts through the cloth of his dress, not knowing they were only imitations. The clerk became so excited he climaxed in a moment in Bill's mouth.

Strangely, as the long penis penetrated deeper and deeper into his mouth, Bill felt his own penis responding with a similar excitement. He never thought such a thing could happen to him. He tried to resist the effects of it, but it was in vain. He was now converted completely into a female and was responding in a natural female way to the stimulation of a fully expanding penis firmly lodged in his mouth. As he felt the hot sperm rushing into his mouth, his own organs became more aroused than ever until a gush of sperm issued into his panty girdle and spread all around his penis and balls! The added excitement of having his bosom rubbed and squeezed was too much for Bill to resist. Then the young man pulled out his penis from Bill's mouth and bent down. Wildly, he kissed Bill's bright red lips, completely deceived into thinking Bill was a pretty girl. With a warning for him to keep quiet about what happened in the back room, the clerk gave Bill the bread and let him leave.

When Bill got home he showed his captors the bread and was let inside. He told his sister and cousin what had happened to him at the store, and they both had a good laugh. They made him go in the bedroom and change again. This time he was dressed in fresh lingerie and a black maid's costume of satin. There were petticoats under the dress and a white satin apron tied round his waist. He felt particularly foolish in this outfit. The girls put him to work ironing their blouses and skirts. Then they made him wash dishes, sweep the floors, dust the furniture, and clean the mirrors. All the time the girls watched and joked and teased him. While all this was going on, Mrs. Baker came in. At sight of her Bill thought he would be freed from his bondage. But Paulette evidently had a secret understanding with her mother which Bill knew nothing about. He did not know his mother as well as he thought! Even their mother's young niece, Carol, seemed to be included in the secret. Bill's mother soon took over the situation. She had the two girls put him on his back on the coffee table, tying him down securely. Then Mrs. Baker went into the other room and returned with two rubber penises!

The rubber penises were soon tied into Bill's hands so he could not let go of them. His wrists were loosened and the two girls took his hands in theirs. Removing their panties, they forced Bill to insert the penises into their waiting vaginas! Meanwhile, Bill's



mother went to her room and brought out one of her tightest panty girdles. Since she was quite slim, the girdle was sure to fit very tightly on Bill's torso. She raised his maid's dress, and lowering the girdle to his feet she soon had it pulled up firmly against Bill's genitals through the thin panties he was wearing. The girdle had a zipper up the crotch which Mrs. Baker closed, making the confining garment so completely restricting to Bill that his penis was held in a grip of iron! Naturally, his mother did not wish him to have any erections in front of her, and by this means she could be sure that Bill would mind his manners. Once the girdle was made as tight as anything could possibly be, making Bill's pelvic area as smooth and contained as a female's, Mrs. Baker pulled down the satin maid's dress to where it just reached about three inches above his knees. The ropes, which had been loosened to allow this change, were replaced on Bill's ankles, leaving him absolutely helpless and emasculated.

Now Bill saw his mother looking down at him defiantly and smiling at his feminine appearance while he was tied firmly on his back over the low coffee table. His cousin and sister were seated on low hassocks with their legs spread wide to receive the rubber penises inside their open vaginas, one girl on either side of the table. As they manipulated their captive's hands to satisfy their pleasure, the two girls leaned over Bill's body and pressed their lips together in intimate joy. But Bill could only look up in shock and disbelief at what his mother was doing above him. She slowly unbuttoned her silk blouse and let it slip down over her creamy shoulders, revealing a lovely black lace brassiere almost bursting under the weight of her forty-inch breasts! Teasingly, she moved her hands under the bra cups and all around her bosom, moving the big boobs gently this way and that so Bill could see their great size and fullness.

At the sight of his mother doing that to her breasts in front of him, Bill felt a surge of excitement which activated his genitals against his will. But he suddenly felt a painful resistance that immediately prevented him from getting a satisfying erection! The powerful girdle was holding his penis down between his legs and would not permit it to rise even a fraction of an inch. Try as he would, Bill could neither overcome the strength of the confining girdle or do anything to stop the impulses that were straining his sex organ mercilessly against the tight fabric of cruel nylon, satin, and lace.

In vain he jerked his body one way or another, hoping to free his penis even half an inch, which would be so delicious if he could only do it! But the girdle was relentless in its hold, and no space was allowed in it for the tiniest relief to Bill's distress. This was really being forced to be female in the strictest sense. Bill almost felt as if he had no male apparatus at all. The forces pent up in him were so great that he felt faint with pain and the terrific need that was being denied him in this terrible petticoat punishment.

As if to increase Bill's already unendurable misery, Bill saw his mother carefully reach back and unhook her bra. She lowered it slowly, letting him see her heavenly pink bosom inch by inch until she had completely bared her chest. There were the big, budding nipples, already stiff with anticipation, and the swelling breasts which she now gripped in her hands and squeezed until she made herself moan softly at the pleasure it gave her. Smiling into Bill's face, she eased herself down on a hassock and held the delightful pink globes just over Bill's head, filling him with a desire he had never before experienced. She bent her head down and placed a warm kiss fully on his mouth, letting her tongue slip between his lips in a lover's intimate abandonment. As she did so, Bill felt his mother's bare breasts graze the top of his head and slip over each of his ears. She pressed them against his ears with her hands, feeling him tense with immeasurable ecstasy. Finally, she moved the big breasts slowly over Bill's face, rubbing them just by their own weight over his eyes, his cheeks, down to his neck, then up a little until they swept across his parted lips.

Unable to help it, Bill craned his neck to reach the breasts with his mouth. But his mother kept them just beyond his reach. He was almost going mad with desire to kiss them now. Again and again she passed them across his mouth so lightly that he could not get his lips over one. He thrust out his tongue and she let him trail it over her skin, but not permitting him to lick the nipples. She moved all around until both her boobs were wetted by him except for the nipples, which now were hypnotizing him and driving him crazy. Then she lowered herself so that his mouth was enclosed in the deep valley between her globes and Bill was almost smothered in soft womanhood that filled his whole being with unimaginable thrills

At last, when Bill was nearly twisting his neck to get at her, his mother moved a red nipple over his mouth and let it slip inside. Wildly, he sucked on it and pulled it with his lips and teeth. He moaned with happiness, even though he could not get any reaction from his penis in the tight girdle except a painful urge. He wanted that breast more than anything he ever imagined before. He tried to get it all in his mouth, although that was not possible. He almost bit her when his mother took it out to let the other breast go in. Then he loved that breast until it was reddened by his exertions of tongue and teeth! Mrs. Baker closed her eyes and let her hands roam at will over her own body. Then she placed her hands on her captive's supple bosom and gave them such squeezes and jerks that Bill nearly lost his mind at the pleasure it gave him.

By this time the two girls had climaxed themselves with the rubber penises tied in Bill's hands. They got up, and looking at the obviously desperate condition of Bill and his mother, they smiled with delight. They quickly untied Bill and carried him into the bedroom, with his mother walking along and keeping a breast in his mouth all the way. Bill had both hands on her bosom and was sucking with all his might. The girls laid him on the bed and soon had him tied down again, helpless as before. Mrs. Baker then removed her breast from Bill's mouth and stood back to catch her breath. Without saying a word, she began removing all her clothes. The girls watched and smiled expectantly.

When she was naked except for nylons and garter belt, she reached over to Bill and lifted his dress above the thighs. She removed the restraining girdle and saw Bill's penis stretch instantly to eleven inches, almost pushing the panties down by its own strength. She lowered the panties just enough to free his genitals. For a moment she fondled the large male organ in her hands. Then she took some cream from a jar and applied it to Bill's penis. He was ready. She got on the bed and lay down on her back on Bill's body. As she spread her legs wide, Bill's penis of its own accord poked her in the anus and forced an entrance! Deeper and deeper it went in while his mother groaned in great joy and pain. When the girls saw the penis had gone all the way into her rectum, they were amazed at how Mrs. Baker's vagina opened and begged for something to enter it.

"I can't stand this!" Carol exclaimed, and she got on the bed and placed her mouth fully on her aunt's pussy! The young girl thrust her tongue into the throbbing vagina and filled her aunt with joy. Paulette too was overcome with emotion, and she bent over her mother's face, kissing her again and again and feeling her mother's bare breasts with both hands. As she did so, her mother reached under Paulette's skirt and worked the young girl's vagina with her hand. From time to time, Paulette bent down and kissed Bill's lips also, mingling her lipstick with his own. He could not have been happier as he felt the full length of his eleven-inch cock penetrating into his mother's anus and giving her tremendous sensations. Of course, he could not move his body at all beneath his mother, but he could feel her moving ever so slightly to encourage his organ to greater heights of excitement. And to add to the thrills, he felt Carol reaching up his skirt and gripping his balls in her hand. As she tugged on them, Bill's penis grew even larger in his mother's anus as he felt his petticoats brushing with soft whispers over his own thighs and against his mother's body. At last, he experienced an explosive climax and felt his mother's body grow tense as she yielded herself to Carol's tongue and lips!

Bill thought nothing else could be done to him that day, but he was wrong. His pretty mother and sister and cousin roused themselves when they were able to move again, and got up from the bed. They watched Bill's penis as it slowly went down to a restful attitude again following its exertions. Mrs. Baker expressed much satisfaction at Bill's new role as "Trixie", and she decided he should be dressed as a girl from now on. She had the girls take him into the bath and strip him, shaving his body all over to make him even more feminine. Nail polish was added to his fingers and toes, and his whole body was sweetly perfumed. Returning to his sister's room, he was dressed in expensive lingerie and in a pretty plaid jumper and white silk blouse. With this he wore five-inch heels and a long, blond wig. Then he was ordered to dress each of the women in turn, starting with his sister. As before, he had to wear the powerful restricting girdle which provided him with a forced and somewhat painful modesty.

This was a new ordeal for Bill. He knelt before his completely nude sister, unable to avoid admiring her exquisite beauty



as he glanced upward at her shapely legs and thighs and the gentle curves of her body and youthful breasts. With her legs slightly parted, she permitted him a shocking view of her excited vagina, which opened a little at the proximity of Bill's face. But Bill's mother quickly ordered him to cover the precious organ of his sister with a pair of wispy panties which still showed the outline of the female organ through the thin cloth. He fumbled nervously with her garter belt as it clung so close to the object of desire, and he felt his face flush as he drew her nylons up her legs, smoothing them with his hands as their mother ordered him to do. Paulette did not mind having her brother dress her. She apparently enjoyed it greatly from the smiles she made at him whenever he looked into her face.

As he picked up her satin bra from the dresser, Bill felt a tinge of excitement coursing through his veins. He positioned the cups gently over his sister's breasts and reached around her to snap the catch. When he did this she moved softly against him, pressing her body to his in a secret caress. Bill was ordered back by his mother. He pulled Paulette's slip over her body with various little tugs and jerks, and then was made to smooth the slip over her with both hands. She sighed as he did this, sending waves of confusion over him. Finally, he put her dress on her and buttoned it up the front. She was adorable in the jersey sheath, and it showed to perfection her beautiful figure.

Then Bill dressed Carol. Her underwear was elegant and so pretty Bill almost felt jealous of her. Her bra was cut away in the center of each cup, allowing her nipples to show through. This was really hard on Bill in his present condition! He felt his organs strain at the tight girdle under his jumper. Carol's costume was finished with a half slip and skirt and a satin blouse. Her nipples pressed hard against the satin as Bill tucked the blouse into her skirt. Thoroughly bewildered, Bill made the girls laugh as his mouth hung open at the sight of the nipples poking in the satin blouse before him!

Lastly, he had to dress his shapely mother. He had to lace her up in a satin corset and put her in long, black nylon stockings. Then she had him put her in shiny leather panties which laced up the crotch! They also had to be laced up over her rump, much to Bill's obvious discomfort. Then she made him put her in a leather

bra with openings in the cups which also had to be laced closed. As Bill laced the openings to shut them, his mother leaned against him in his jumper and filled him with all sorts of strange desires. He didn't know whether he was a male or a female now, and he really wanted to be a girl and be accepted as a girl by everyone. His hands lingered on his mother's brassiere as he finished lacing it up. "My slip!" she commanded. He hurried and got her satin slip. After he had put that on her she really looked desirable. Then he had to put her in her patent leather skirt which laced up the sides. Finally, he put a close fitting sweater over her head and pulled it down over her ample breasts, where the pink wool of the sweater drove him crazy with the urge to touch her.

"Now we are going out to our secret club, Trixie, darling," his mother told him, "and you will have your hands full there!" The girls laughed at this private joke of Mrs. Baker's, but Bill had no idea what she meant by it. He was handed a dainty pocketbook to carry and was led outside by his mother, the girls following. They took him in the car and drove across town. When they got out Bill felt eyes on his legs as he stepped to the sidewalk. He was being admired on all sides in his pretty jumper. And his high heels drew quite a lot of attention as well. The women quickly led their prisoner into a hotel. No one could guess that Bill was not a real girl of about seventeen and highly desirable. As he looked into a mirror in the lobby he saw himself as a gorgeous creature ready to set hearts afire with affection. The illusion was so convincing he even felt a sudden excitement at his own image.

Mrs. Baker led the way to a large apartment on the main floor. She took a key from her purse and unlocked the door, leading Bill inside. The girls were right behind them. A receptionist recognized Bill's mother and let her pass into the next room with her little group. "What lovely daughters you have!" she had said on seeing Bill and the two girls. "You're so lucky to have three so attractive." This seemed to fill Bill's mind with all kinds of happy feelings and delight. He liked passing unsuspected as a young girl. It was something he had never dared to do in his life.

The inside room was like a small theater. There were chairs placed around a platform in the center, and there were drapes hung all around the walls. A number of girls were seated in

the room and looked up with delight at Mrs. Baker and her group. "Glad to see you made it today!" one girl said to Bill's mother. "You should have seen the action a few minutes ago. Wow!" she added. All the girls blushed and giggled at that. Mrs. Baker had her girls sit down, but Bill was instructed to get on the platform. He did as he was told. He was given a small stool to sit on. As soon as he sat down, a handsome young couple entered the room with no clothes on. They went right up to the platform and stood close together, looking at one another. Now Mrs. Baker ordered Bill to assist them in what they were going to do! A spotlight lit him up.

First he was forced to sit between the naked couple. He was told to handle their organs. He did so, and saw the vagina open and the penis expand with eagerness at the stimulation. The audience murmured with admiration. Then Bill was made to kiss the organs. He did this also, putting his tongue into the young girl and then accepting the big penis into his mouth. The couple were embracing now and ready to make love. Bill was made to take hold of the aroused penis and insert it into the young girl's pussy. The girl responded with sighs and moans of pleasure. Bill could feel a tremendous strain on his genitals as they were held tightly in his satin girdle and not permitted to become aroused. His hands moved restlessly over his dress and nylons.

A girl approached the platform with a box of clothes and began handing various items to Bill. He was ordered to put the things on the young man as he made love to the girl. First there was a girl's corset. Bill put it on the man. Then he put nylon stockings on him and hitched them up. He was handed a pair of high heels which he also put on the man. He saw the man getting more excited as these things were put on him. Bill put a bra with falsies on the man. All during this dressing, the young man cooperated and permitted the feminine attire to be fitted on him. Now the man's penis was thrusting madly into the young girl!

Bill put a girl's wig on the man and added a pair of earrings. Then, interrupting the action for a moment, he put a nylon slip on the man. It just came down to the height of his penis, which was standing out straight and measured some twelve inches. Bill then added a miniskirt and a lovely silk blouse, which the man seemed to like quite a lot. When Bill added lipstick to the man's mouth, the young couple embraced anew and resumed their activity.

After that, Bill put the girl in nylons and high heels. He was then forced to sit beneath the couple and kiss their organs as they had intercourse! Then he put a pair of panties on the young man, allowing his penis to fit through an opening in the crotch. While Bill felt of the young man's rump through the panties and ran his tongue over the man's penis as it moved in and out of the girl, the couple held each other tight and kept swinging together in gay abandon! In the end, Bill was forced to take the young man's balls in his mouth and hold them there until the couple climaxed with the young man in girl's attire and Bill made up as a young girl! It was the most humiliating thing he ever experienced, made worse by the fact that an audience of girls was watching him closely and enjoying the whole show.

Next, two transvestites got on the stage. They were wearing dresses and high heels. Bill was forced to take off their dresses and slips and kiss them both in their panties and bras. Then he had to sit on the stool and begin masturbating them as they hugged and kissed each other. The faster he jerked their penises through the silk, the more excited the lovers became and kissed each other more and more passionately. As Bill pulled on their stiff organs he watched the two transvestites poking their tongues in each other's mouth. Bill was made to jerk them faster, until they climaxed in their panties. Then he had to change their underwear for them, cleaning their organs off with his tongue!

The girls were having a wonderful time watching this exciting show. Now Carol and Paulette got up and mounted the stage with "Trixie". The first thing they did in the spotlight was to begin undressing Bill. They removed his plaid jumper and silk blouse. Then they took off his pretty slip. Leaving him standing there in the satin girdle and bra, the girls stripped each other of their own dresses. Skirts, blouses, dresses, and lovely lingerie were strewn all around as the girls bared themselves before their eager audience. When they were down to just nylons and shoes, the girls approached Bill from in front and behind and pressed their bodies to him simultaneously. As he stood there with arms at his side, he looked totally overcome by the intimate warmth of the two lovely girls, his sister and his cousin. Carol was facing him and she kissed him lightly on the lips to show her fondness. Both girls were embracing and caressing him tenderly in his girlish attire.



At a sign from her daughter, Mrs. Baker got up and handed her something from her purse. It was an eighteen-inch double-end rubber penis! Paulette took the coveted object, which was already lubricated by her mother, and quickly inserted one end into her anxious vagina. The other end she passed under Bill's girdled crotch and let Carol insert it into herself. Now both girls were enjoying the sensations of the long rubber penis mutually while the middle part of it rubbed over Bill's satin girdle and filled him with an immediate need that was denied him. He knew what the two ends of the rubber penis were doing to the girls at the same time as he felt the object exerting a gentle pressure against his own genitals through the tight satin garment. He tried putting his legs close together to stand up as tall as possible in his five-inch heels in order to reduce the exciting friction of the rubber object, but the girls moved up too and pressed the penis tightly against his organs. Then, in desperation, Bill spread his feet apart more and tried to get the maximum pressure of the object to stimulate him to a climax, but again it was no use because of the unyielding restriction of his corset or girdle. Either way, he was left in a miserable condition without any possible relief!

As he felt Carol and Paulette's bodies moving gently against him to receive the welcome penis into their vaginas, he was also kissed wildly and repeatedly by Carol. The girls moved their hands over him, feeling his legs, thighs, back, bosom, and even his arms and neck. Then they separated for a moment and turned him around to face his sister. Again the girls joined themselves to the long rubber penis and mutually masturbated each other with it while it rubbed intimately between Bill's nylon-clad legs. Now his sister, Paulette, was kissing him with long, hungry kisses. Bill's penis was aching inside the girdle, yearning to have an erection. His nerves were jangling all up and down his spine as he returned his sister's kisses willingly. He caressed her and gripped her rump and pulled her toward him and toward her female lover with the rubber penis. Sometimes the girls kissed one another over Bill's shoulder. As Bill looked down in fascination at his sister's bared bosom, he longed for intercourse with her. He often held her breasts in his hands as she kissed him and rubbed herself against him. But he could not hope to have a release from his suppressed desires.

As the girls reached their climax, their bodies were pounding against Bill's front and seat. Several times they actually lifted his heels off the ground and almost crushed him between their nude bosoms and torsos. His hands were flaying the air and he was whimpering helplessly. When Carol and Paulette were finished, they tossed the rubber organ aside and pushed Bill down on his knees on the platform. As he knelt there in the bright spotlight in his feminine lingerie, they made him begin licking their whole bodies from bottom to top. He licked their legs and thighs, their hips, their vaginas, their haunches, their bellies, their breasts, their arms, and their backs. Then he got down on the platform and kissed their pretty high heel shoes. They made him lie on his back out straight and they took turns standing on him with their heels. He moaned and groaned in futile anguish and secret delight as his sister stood on his chest and pushed on his hidden genitals with the toe of one foot. Then Carol stood on his belly and placed both her heels on his penis, letting him feel her weight there where he was most helpless and constricted! Through the powerful satin girdle Bill felt this wonderful stimulation driving him mad. But he could do nothing about it. He heard the audience of females laughing and tittering in the darkness outside the spotlight.

They also turned him over and took turns stepping on his back and seat of his girdle. It was a perfect agony of desire and passion for Bill which he never had known before. But the ordeal wasn't over with yet. The girls made him sit on a stool between them and hold his own bosom in his hands through the satin brassiere. Then he was made to hold his mouth open as wide as possible and forbidden to close it for any reason. Now each girl in turn pressed her woman's organ to his mouth and suddenly urinated into his face! The hot liquid sprayed all over his face and ran down his body, running into his bra and girdle and mingling with his own organ. As if in response, his penis did the only thing it could under the tight restriction: a stream of hot urine rushed out of him and filled his girdle and panties and ran down his nylons all over the platform. Everyone could see what he had done, and the audience of girls was overjoyed. To Bill this unwilling urination of his felt like a wonderful climax. It was the only sort of release he could possibly get and he loved it! He squeezed out every drop of urine into his underwear that was in him. And he was showered all over by the two laughing girls!

That concluded the shameful exhibition on the stage. Bill was removed to another part of the room containing an open shower, where he was made to wash himself while the female audience stood around and watched him. All the women were surprised, except Bill's family, when they saw him strip off the lingerie and expose his male organs. The moment Bill did this, his penis swelled up wonderfully to its full length and virtually begged to be petted. Naturally, his sister and cousin needed a shower too, so they got in with him. Bill was ordered to soap and wash each girl, running his hands over the naked breasts and over the crack between their legs while the two friends kissed one another and sometimes took a bust in the mouth. Bill was really frightfully aroused at all this activity. But again he was denied any sort of sexual relief.

When the shower was over, the girls towed themselves and their helpless victim. They moved to a dry corner of the room where there was a carpet. Their audience, of course, followed to watch what would happen to the male maid. He was forced to don a new tight girdle that laced firmly all the way up the back. When the girls had it laced Bill's shape was squeezed powerfully into a truly female appearance. He was given panties, nylons, a new satin bra, heels, slip, and then a darling dress that feminized him to the last degree. He was perfumed and his make-up was touched up and he wore a new blond wig that was set in a stunning coiffure. His pretty dress had a close fitting bodice and a bouffant skirt, under which he wore several swishing crinoline petticoats. The audience was astounded at the remarkable results: the excited young man was changed into a charming miss with lovely legs and a wonderful curvy figure. No one could believe their eyes.

Mrs. Baker called her son over and sat him beside her in a chair. She pressed his head to her bosom, letting him rest his girlish cheeks against the pink wool sweater she wore. Bill felt the outlines of the sensuous leather brassiere he had laced over his mother's splendid breasts earlier. He let his face move gently against her heaving bosom and thrilled to the touch of such fullness of womanhood. His mother put her arm around him, resting her fingers on his thigh. He raised his head and looked inquiringly into his mother's face. As he did, she bent forward and kissed him on the lips, holding him close with her other hand behind his neck. Her warm mouth clung to his in a long kiss to which Bill surrendered.

"Mother, darling, your breasts are so pretty!" Bill murmured softly. He touched the lovely mammaries with his hands. Mrs. Baker smiled at her effeminate boy and quickly took off her sweater. She let him fondle her through the exquisite satin slip. Then she dropped the straps of the slip and pulled the bodice down, letting Bill get his hands on her shiny leather bra. She gave him permission to undo the lacing over the cups. When the lacing was loosened and her nipples exposed to view, she had Bill put his lips to each breast and kiss her there. His hands moved hungrily over each of her mounds as his lips and tongue teased her nipples until they were rigid with the enjoyment she got. All the young girls looked on with interest at the scene. But Mrs. Baker decided she had had enough, so she made her son lace her up and dress her again. As Bill finished replacing her sweater, he gave his mother an affectionate kiss and a hug.

By this time Carol and Paulette were dressed again and were caressing one another intimately in a corner. The two girls loved to touch each other's bodies and admire themselves. Mrs. Baker called them away and had everyone leave the room with her. Bill was led by his mother's and sister's hands out a back door to a terrace behind the hotel. Bill saw a stable in the terrace in which there was a horse. Directly under the horse was a girl tied on her back to a bench. She was fully dressed, with her legs tied spread apart. Beneath the bench was an automobile jack, ready to jack the girl up to any height desired. The horse, a handsome thoroughbred stallion, was eating from a feeder and paying no attention to the comely girl. His long penis hung down over the girl's thighs. As soon as he saw all this, Bill felt a surge of excitement race through his body and he couldn't help running his hands up and down his dress and pressing the yards of petticoats against his legs in pleasant anticipation.

"Trixie," his mother said to him, "you are going to operate the jack for us. I know it will be a bit difficult in your heels, but you will manage. Be careful around Prince, darling, and don't ruin your nice stockings!"

"Prince is going to enjoy this, mother," Paulette said. "Just look at the size of his marvelous organs! He needs a little action!"

The young girl tied beneath the stallion looked around nervously and struggled with her ropes. She had never been taken by a stallion before. She had seen the enormous penis and was afraid of it. It looked terribly big and powerful! But she could do nothing to escape.

First Bill was given a special pair of clamps to be attached to a stretchy band around the girl's hips. These clamps would grip the lips of her vagina and hold her organ in an open position, making it all the easier for the stallion to penetrate her. Carol took Bill to the young girl and showed him how to put on the clamps. The girl had on panties with no crotch, giving ready access to her personal place. As Bill lifted her skirt and put the clamps on her vagina, he heard the girl moaning. She was looking up at him with a pleading expression. "Please, miss, don't let them do it to me!" she said to him. He felt glad she thought he was a female. Somehow it didn't make him feel quite so awful.

"Quiet, Linda!" Mrs. Baker ordered. "You know what will happen if you make any noise. We'll have no more of that!"

With the clamp in place, the girl was now ready and more defenseless than ever. But Bill was also ordered to unfasten the girl's silk blouse. With trembling fingers he undid her buttons and let the blouse fall away from her bosom. Linda had no bra on. The sight of her lovely pink breasts filled Bill's eyes. He was glad he could wear his dress at the moment and not be exposed the way this girl was. After all, it was slightly better to have his private organs compressed in a girdle than to be displayed shamefully before all the girls who were standing around the stable. He was spared a certain amount of debasement by bearing a certain amount of discomfort. He felt sure the captive girl would gladly change places with him now, even if it meant having to become a male. And, besides, one of the girls in the audience was making a movie film of the entire spectacle.

Bill was ordered to raise the jack. Walking carefully in his high heels through the sweet-smelling hay, he made his way to the front of the jack. The movie camera caught a quick view of his panties as he bent over the handle to raise it. The stallion looked curiously at Bill's girlish face and the young girl looked fearfully up at the stallion as the jack began to rise. It was just a matter of lifting the bench between two and three feet until the girl's body came into gentle contact with the horse's penis. Carol stood by the horse and moved her hand lovingly over the animal's neck and back. At the proper moment, she reached down and guided the big animal's organ into the right place. The girl's vagina spread

so enticingly because of the clumps that Bill was wishing he could change places with the stallion.

Bill was ordered to stop the jack as soon as the sex organs had met and were properly engaged. Immediately, the horse reacted to the pleasant feeling of a young girl's pussy and his penis filled out to a wondrous size! All the girls standing by were gasping with surprise and some envy for the young girl's plight. Young Linda lay on the bench and groaned with mix feelings of fear and joy, rolling her head from side to side with her eyes tightly closed. Looking at the stallion's balls, Bill guessed they must contain a great deal of sperm. No wonder the girl was worried! He looked at the animal's face and saw an expression of contentment there that plainly indicated how the horse liked what was going on! And Carol continued to hug and caress Prince, putting her arms around his legs or his neck, wherever she happened to be.

Next, Bill was instructed to pet the girl. Seeing the pretty captive's naked breasts lying invitingly between the opened folds of her blouse, the group of spectators desired to have something done to the excited nipples so the girl's agitation would be increased even more. Bill stepped carefully around to the girl's side, keeping his billowing skirts down with his hands to prevent his dress from catching on a splinter or nail in the stable. He wouldn't like to have his dress torn, or all the girls would laugh. From his closer view beside the bound girl, Bill saw the horse penetrating her deeply with his great tool. The girl's thighs were taut and strained, either to move closer together or wider apart, he couldn't say which. In any case, her thighs and legs were shaking, as was her whole lower body. The stallion was moving just enough to give a satisfying motion to his hardened penis, and the organ fitted tightly between the young girl's clamped vagina. Carol had applied a certain lubricant to the penis so it would slide easier, and now it could be heard making a sucking noise whenever it was pulled back from within the girl's womb. Bill could plainly see the girl's vagina was quite wet and it seemed to cling longingly to the animal's penis as it pulled away from her. Then her vagina seemed to open even wider to receive the big organ as it came back again for more!

With real affection, Bill placed his hands on the girl and moved his fingers over her swelling boobs. She looked at him.

She was mounted on the bench at an angle which left her upper body free from the horse so she could receive Bill's affections and look into his face. Bill saw in her eyes a look so full of longing and desire that he wondered how she could look that way at another girl, as he imagined she thought he must be. He sat on a stool and held her breasts tenderly, gazing into her face and watching her reaction as the big stallion used her. Then his mother ordered him to kiss her. The girl's lips parted as Bill bent over her face. He kissed her, and he felt a wave of emotion flash through him that excited him to an incredible extent. Knowing what the girl must be experiencing at this moment, he felt his own penis bursting violently at its womanly confines in an effort to get free. But he was held so firmly by the panties and girdle under his dress that it was not possible for him to achieve the slightest erection. The only outlet to his pent-up feelings was through his mouth or hands.

Linda seemed to know that. She must have felt the strong electricity through Bill's lips and fingers as he fondled her breasts and moved his tongue between her lips. Even above the extraordinary agitation produced by having a horse mount her, she was aware of Bill's adoring treatment. The nearness of his sweet-scented, feminized being thrilled her in a strange way even in spite of her bizarre situation. When he lowered his effeminately coifed head to her bosom and sucked fondly on each nipple, she felt herself enraptured beyond all description. Then, when he had his face touching hers she whispered in his ear, "Darling! Darling! I know your secret. You are a male!"

Afraid to let the other women know what had happened, Bill whispered to the girl without moving. He asked her to forgive him for deceiving her, adding that he was a prisoner as well. She responded with kisses. "I knew you were a male by your love! And when I get away from here, when this horse has had me completely, then you will have me! I want you, darling!" And she told him where to find her, the address and the time. After that, she was unable to speak any more. Prince was now reaching his climax and he was thrusting his big rod into her faster until she could not catch her breath. Bill glanced down at what the horse was doing to her. The girl's pussy was gripping the animal's penis with a will, almost refusing to let it out even a few inches. The horse's balls were swinging against the

girl's buttocks and slapping her audibly. Looking into the animal's face, Bill saw a wild, gazing look in its eyes. At this point the horse was arching its neck down to look at the female form below him. Evidently, he liked what he saw.

To add the final touches, Carol now took a long vibrator and inserted this into Linda's open anus. As the vibrating instrument was pushed far into her rectum, the captive girl gave a deep moan of mixed pain and pleasure. Her whole body went rigid and her mouth gaped open. She pulled at her bonds and tossed her head from side to side. She shook herself violently so that her shapely breasts slapped Bill's face on one side and the other. Bill was beside himself with desperation, massaging his own bosom through his dress, then moving his hands all around his petticoats. He was feeling up and down his nylons, even touching his own high heel shoes in pleasure. He threw himself across the girl's naked bosom and embraced her tightly. At last, she screamed out and the horse's penis swelled to a climax, emptying his great balls into her with immense joy. Bill was kissing the girl's bare shoulders, and Carol and Paulette were caressing the girl's legs. Linda suddenly experienced a soaring orgasm and swooned away.

The show over, Linda was revived and freed. She went out the door swaying on her feet, almost unable to walk at all. Now it was to be Bill's turn. In a moment, Carol and his sister had him tied on the bench, face down. Above, he could feel the great horse breathing heavily. To his horror, Bill now felt the girls lifting his dress up and removing his panties and girdle! However, they soon put the garments back in place, with one change: an opening had been made in the back of each, giving access to his anus! A lubricant was smeared on him there. His legs were tied in a spread position similar to the captive girl's. Now he was the girl, just as helpless and just as vulnerable. How could he possibly take a horse's penis the way Linda had done? He was really afraid to think of it.

Now the vagina clamp was put on Bill, only this time on his anus. The device held him open and exposed, just as it had done to the young girl. He felt it tugging his opening wide, letting the cool air in. And his own genitals were as compressed as before, unable to obtain any sort of release from their feminine prison.

While Bill lay with his face on the bench, unable to move himself to protect his most vulnerable part in any way, Carol operated the jack and slowly raised the bench under the horse. Bill saw his mother and the audience of girls all smiling at him as they waited for the big moment. He felt his dress and petticoats up around the middle of his back, and he knew what was going to happen to him. Then he felt it. Already, the animal's sex organ was becoming aroused again as it came in contact with another female opening. Apparently, the stallion had no objection whether the girl should be lying on her back or on her stomach. He let his big penis shove slowly into Bill's anus. The more it went in, the harder it got. Bill felt like he was being ripped apart by the lusty beast. The pain was excruciating. He closed his fists and gritted his teeth. And yet, at the same time, a hot glow passed all over him from head to foot. He was carried on the crest of a wave of passion.

Mrs. Baker went over to her son and sat on the stool. She pressed her mouth against his and he responded eagerly. "You are a lucky girl, Trixie! You're getting it from a thoroughbred!" she said. Then she covered his shoulders and arms with loving kisses, and at the same time Carol and Paulette were kneeling and kissing Bill's legs and thighs. One girl gripped the animal's penis in her hand and masturbated it into the tortured transvestite. She stroked the horse's balls from time to time to encourage him. While this was going on, Mrs. Baker had a small mattress and some cushions brought over to her. Removing her panties, she lay down and placed the pillows under her so that her lower body reached the position of Bill's face. With her skirt pulled up high, she had one of the girls lift Bill's head and the next thing he knew his mouth was suddenly resting against his mother's moist vagina!

As he covered her love organ with willing kisses, he felt the satin of her slip drop around the back of his neck and saw the delicate lace of the hem around his face. Surely, this was the ultimate condition of being trapped in womanhood! He felt her creamy thighs tighten against his cheeks as his tongue went in. He felt so delirious he wondered if he would lose his mind. His whole body ached with multiple pains and pleasures. Through it all, he could still feel the intimate contact of his brassiere and



other lingerie, the clinging nylon stockings, the caressing touch of the high heels on his feet. Yes, he was now a girl and being used as a girl. No girl could be more unable to resist than he was now. His mouth was full of womanhood. His body was filled with a gigantic, hard penis! He was dressed in female garments, perfumed, lipsticked, made up, and adorned in every feminine way. And he was surrounded by females. The stallion was the only other male around, and it was feminizing him more than anything else. Its huge penis felt as if it had reached clear up Bill's back somewhere and would never come out again.

At last, Carol noticed the horse was tiring of its exertions. "Prince doesn't seem to be able to fulfill his duties!" she said. "But I'll see to that!" She got a long whip and began lashing the big animal. With each lashing, Bill felt the stallion's penis swell again inside him! The horse seemed to enjoy the punishment. And as the animal thrust its organ, Bill was thrust tightly against his mother's pussy. Sometimes Carol lowered her aim a bit and lashed Bill across the legs or rump. The stinging pain only enhanced his glow and made him wild with increased desire. If only he could will that girdle to burst and release his suppressed genitals. He knew he would have a climax again and again as his cousin whipped him and the horse together and increased the fervor of the stallion's copulation. Finally, the horse climaxed in him and released its reserve of sperm. Also, Bill felt his mother have her orgasm in his mouth. He was liberated from his bonds and permitted to get up. So weak was he that he had to be supported over to a chair and allowed to sit there while one of the girls took off his girdle and panties and dressed him in clean undergarments.

When he was once again fully dressed in girl's clothing, Bill was given permission to leave. But he was only given some change, and would have to return home on the bus. Glad to get away, he went out and walked down the street quickly in his high heels. It was nerve-racking to be walking in public dressed in feminine attire, for he feared exposure at any moment. Deciding to try Linda's apartment first, he started off in the direction of her street. He got there around two in the afternoon, the time she told him she was usually home. Happily, he found her in. She answered the door dressed in a pink nylon shortie, a bra that left ninety per cent of the breasts exposed, and a pair of open crotch panties.

Her dainty toes peeped out of her cute pink slippers with puffs on them. "Hello, darling!" she whispered, taking Bill's hand.

In spite of having seen this girl taken by a stallion, Bill felt shy to be standing before her in his dress with the bouffant skirt. He saw her look admiringly over his nylon-clad legs and at his heels. As soon as she had shut the door from prying eyes, Linda patted him familiarly on his tightly covered bosom. He was as shocked as if he were a genuine female. Linda invited him into the kitchen, leading the way and giving Bill plenty of opportunity to admire her buttocks through her thin nylon panties. In the kitchen she turned swiftly and kissed him on the lips. The suddenness of the act caused Bill's face to redden. Linda laughed and poured out two cups of coffee, inviting Bill to sit.

As he sat down, his petticoats pushed out around the dress and exposed yards of delicate lace around his knees. In vain, he tried to persuade the skirt to stay down over the lace, but in the end he had to give up and let it show. He sat at the table with his legs crossed and swung his dainty foot nervously, catching the light on the shiny toe of his shoe. Every motion he made had become automatically feminine, prompted by the sensuous clothes he was forced to wear. But while he drank the coffee, his eyes took in the provocative contours that Linda's unusual bra left uncovered. Seeing that, she moved the folds of her shortie aside, revealing her breasts even more completely. Then, to Bill's utter surprise, she took two metal clamps from the table and clamped them on each of her nipples! They must have pinched her greatly, but she didn't appear to mind it. She smiled at Bill's consternation.

"Tell, darling," she asked, letting her breasts wiggle the tight clamps on her nipples that seemed to please her, "how long have you been wearing dresses? Did you used to wear your mother's dresses secretly when you were younger? Do you enjoy wearing that dress you have on?" Bill answered her shyly, telling her one thing and another. He admitted he liked being dressed as a girl. "That's good," she said. "I like girls."

After coffee, she took him in the bedroom. There were large mirrors all around in which Bill couldn't help admiring his pretty girl's image. He turned in different poses to look at himself, liking the glamorous look of his legs in nylons, and the way his full skirt swirled around his thighs. Linda was very amused by it.

At one side of Linda's room was a strange sort of contrivance which Bill could not identify. It consisted of a small platform and a large horizontal brass railing mounted in the middle, the whole device being connected to a sort of crane reaching to the ceiling. Linda smiled and told him this was for "games". He would soon learn what it meant. Knowing what he had come there for, Linda requested him to follow instructions carefully if he wished to be satisfied. To this Bill agreed. The first thing was for him to take off all his attire with the exception of the bra and nylon stockings. This Bill did, donning a close fitting pair of pink panties Linda lent him. As soon as he had removed the powerfully constricting girdle and put on the comfortable panties, his penis became erect. It poked mischievously through the nylon between his legs. Linda looked at it approvingly, then handed him a pink baby doll to put on. With that on, Bill saw in the mirrors around him the figures of two attractive girls in their lingerie, and could hardly tell which one he liked best to look at. But, as a matter of fact, it was probably his own womanly reflection that he enjoyed most.

Now Linda led him to her little machine at one side of her big bed. She had Bill step over the brass rail and kneel down on the platform with one leg on either side of the rail. Kneeling, Bill found the rail passed between his legs, but as it was not high enough to touch him it didn't bother him in any way. Linda snapped a pair of shackles over his ankles with a swift motion, and Bill was anchored to the platform. Then she fastened heavy straps of leather around his legs, and Bill was held immovably. He was not alarmed, for the sight of his captor's smiling face charmed him at every moment. His wrists were seized and shackled to a ring above his head in the arm of the crane. He was now a helpless prisoner.

But Linda was still not done with him. She grasped his hardened male organ and forced it back between his legs. It was held there for the moment by the tightness of his panties. Now she began turning a small crank and the thick brass rail was slowly raised. It moved up levelly between Bill's thighs until it rested under his crotch. Still Linda cranked the handle until the rail pressed with some force against the captive's genitals, squeezing them through the thin covering of nylon that the panties afforded him. He tried to lift himself ever so slightly by use of the ring that held his arms up, but his legs were

unable to be lifted as much as half an inch! The degradingness of having that brass rail placed so tightly against his organs unnerved him somewhat, and yet there was still something fascinating about it. Being dressed in intimate lingerie, he was still a willing prisoner so far.

A leather collar that just fit was placed around Bill's neck and tied by a ring in its front to another ring at the front end of the platform. When this cord was made fast, Bill's head was bowed downward in forced subjection. He could only look at the floor and the space beneath him. A punishment helmet of leather was put over his head, covering his whole face except his eyes and mouth. The helmet was laced very firmly up the back, closing all his head and leaving only a small opening behind for his feminine blond wig to hang down on his shoulders. A ring at the top of the helmet was secured to the platform, holding his head so that it could not be moved at all. Looking through the holes in the leather helmet which were allowed for his eyes, Bill realized his was now absolutely in the young girl's power. He was so completely held in bondage that he couldn't even look at her! His mouth was held in its opening in such a way that he was forced to pucker his lips. He could neither raise himself upward, nor lower himself down. His arms overhead pulled him one way, and his head pulled the other. This was truly a strict form of punishment!

Linda now made use of two other holes in the helmet, through which she pulled Bill's ears. She hadn't done this with the idea of having him hear better, however. It was so she could attach a strange pair of earrings with heavy lead balls that swung on little gold chains. These earrings, as soon as they were screwed on, yanked at Bill's lobes and added to the painful punishment he was going through. He was amazed at what this girl was doing to him! Finally, she went behind him and inserted something big and long under his panties and into his exposed anus. The object was strapped into place when it had penetrated to its fullest length inside the defenseless womanly captive. Then the panties were again jerked up smoothly around his waist. Bill's humiliation was at its highest peak.

"How do you like it, sweetheart?" Linda asked, coming around to Bill's head and pulling his baby doll in place over his bra.



"Of course, you cannot answer, my pretty darling! That's too bad," she went on. "But I see you can squirm sufficiently. But we'll permit you to do that much! You are going to have a lovely time, my little sissy-angel-girl! Here, let's put some sweet perfume on your neck, and some on your arms, and some more on your precious bust. Is that brass rail snug, my gorgeous pet? What's the matter, my desired one? Can't look at me? Well, we'll fix that!"

She took up a remote-control device similar to that used for certain television sets, and she sat on the edge of her bed. As she pressed a certain button the crane began lifting the platform with its captive. Bill was raised in his bound position until he was held just beneath the ceiling. He could now see all around the room, and was able to look at Linda sitting on her bed and looking up at him with her saucy smile. As he watched, unable to do anything else, he saw her stand and strip her clothes off boldly. She then stretched herself out ravishingly on the bed and spread her legs. And to add to Bill's stunned condition, she took a pair of special clamps from her stand and strapped them onto her vagina so that her bewitching part was held invitingly open for Bill to admire and yearn for! Finally, she controlled the crane again and lowered her prisoner in lingerie and shackles until he was just hanging a little above the foot of her bed. From there he was able to look up her entirely nude body and stare wishfully at her spread vagina and heavenly legs. It was a maddening experience!

She got up on the bed for a moment to kiss him tenderly on his puckered mouth. She did this several times, each time kissing him a little longer and more sensuously, moving her hands over his upraised arms and down to his girlish bosom, which she cupped in her fingers feelingly. Then she lay on her back again, letting her legs spread apart as far as they could reach. Her arms were spread apart as well, exposing her alluring breasts to full view as they stood proudly on her chest and begged to be handled! Pressing one other button on her control box, she started up a shocking vibrating action in Bill's anus! She had introduced a vibrator into him and was running it now at high speed. The poor captive, unable to resist the excitement of all this, could only rub his genitals very slightly against the thick rail between his thighs. "How charming you look, little girlie!" Linda cooed. "Play now and have fun while I take my nap. You're such a sweet little thing!"

Bill couldn't guess how long he was left in his embarrassing predicament, but it seemed like many hours. He gazed at the bare beauty under him all this while and could not stop the tears from his eyes as he yearned in vain to reach her. This punishment was much worse than anything his mother and sister and cousin had done. And to look at that daring clamp holding the girl's love organ in its widest position made Bill ache all over with desire. How could she sleep like that, he wondered? But apparently it did nothing to disturb her rest. She slept like a baby, only shifting her legs or arms from time to time. A smile was on her lips even while she slept. She must have dreamt of that big stallion again, Bill imagined. For he did notice a certain wetness about her vagina as it throbbed under the clamps, and her nipples were definitely very firm and excited. Also, he saw her tongue go in and out many times, and her mouth opened as if to accept something big inside it. She held it that way for a long time, moving her lips in a sucking action that suggested much to the suffering transvestite in bondage!

Finally, Linda woke up and stretched pleurably. She glanced up and smiled appreciatively at her lingerie-clad man in fetters! "Why, my adorable little pussy," she said, "it's time to change your bondage! Do you ache, my little girl-boy?" She got up and kissed his mouth again. Then she placed her hand on her moist vagina and put it on his mouth, letting him taste the wetness she had gotten for him. Lowering him a bit, she put the point of each nipple softly against his puckered mouth, only enough to barely touch his lips. She had removed the nipple clamps before going to sleep. Playfully, she took one of the nipple clamps and clamped it over Bill's mouth! She gave the heavy earrings a little tug, sending little shooting pains through Bill's ears. She altered his bondage, just slightly, so that his head was drawn backward and his body leaned all the way back. The brass rail she lowered and removed from its posts. Thus, Bill's abdomen and pelvis were thrust freely forward, while his head and back were held in a position over his bent legs. His wrists were also freed and then bound again between his ankles.

"Now, you're going to love this, you little sissy!" Linda said. She grabbed the tops of his panties and yanked them down, tearing them down the middle! Immediately, Bill's penis and balls presented themselves to view in a greatly excited condition. He could not see in

front now, but he was able to view himself at a side angle through a mirror placed near his face. Linda had cleverly arranged the mirrors to do this. Once again, the girl stretched out on her bed. She controlled the crane, lowering Bill slowly between her spread thighs. His penis stuck out rigidly ahead of his body, waiting for the satisfying contact of womanhood! Gradually, Linda let his body approach at a perfect angle until the end of his penis just lightly touched the lips of her still clamped vagina! She heard Bill moan to himself at the sight and touch of his dream coming true. He watched in the mirrors, yearning to see the big penis enter its furry haven of delight. Linda held the crane in place, gently moving her thighs and hips in an inviting way, but only letting the very edge of her pussy kiss the head of Bill's fully erected penis!

Then, getting another idea, she sat up and removed the nipple clamp from his mouth. This clamp she now fastened to his balls, hooking onto it a lead ball weighing one pound! As he felt the strain on his testicles, Bill groaned and closed his eyes. When he again looked in the mirrors, he saw Linda attaching two mammoth clamps to her breasts, these being rounded clamps which cupped the big mammaries nicely. When the tit clamps were in place, Linda's breasts were squeezed so that they swelled out terrifically. She again resumed her recumbent position on the bed. As before, Bill's hardened penis was just at the entrance to her clamped vagina. She allowed his organ to move a half inch in and out, directing the crane with precision. Very gradually, she urged Bill's penis in deeper, until it entered its full length in her. At this point, the girl raised her legs high over her head and gripped her thighs with both arms. She slipped her own ankles into two shackles mounted on the wall above the bed, and let them close over her. Her legs were held immovably in this position. She also slipped her hands through two manacles on opposite sides of the bed, and let them shut over her wrists. They locked, as the others did, and now she was a captive of her own devices!

Bill wondered about this. How would she free him and herself? They were now locked together with his deeply imbedded penis inside her vagina, no longer moving, but aroused to the highest pitch.

Then he noticed she had set a timing mechanism on the stand before she had fettered herself. He could see that the dial was set for thirty minutes. Until the timer operated, she was a helpless bondage prisoner like himself! They each wanted to move their bodies to obtain greater stimulation, but were unable to do so. The girl filled the room with sighs and moans of delight. She looked from one mirror to another, enjoying the sight of herself in this fantastic restraint. She loved to look at the penis buried deep in her, and at the balls with the pendulous weight clamped on them. And she loved the expression of her captive's face as he strained in his feminine subjugation. Only a limited view of her sissy-slave's face was visible, of course, due to the punishment helmet, but she could easily see what he was going through. And she loved it!

At this moment of sublime suspense, a sound was heard from the next room. Suddenly, Mrs. Baker and her two girls appeared in the doorway. They were certainly very surprised at what they saw! "This calls for real chastisement!" Bill's mother said, looking closely at his organ thrust fully into the girl's vagina. "I'm glad I brought my kit along. I was expecting something of the kind." She instructed her girls to open her kit, which was a large suitcase. Mrs. Baker went to the remote control and operated the crane to disengage the tense couple's aroused organs. Bill's penis was almost bursting with excitement, and little drops of white sperm were dripping slowly from the end of it. Mrs. Baker quickly raised him to the ceiling and let him rest there to calm him down. All the while, Carol had taken pictures of all the action. This would persuade Linda to take orders to avoid being exposed.

Linda was released from her self-imposed bondage and held by Paulette and Carol. They left the vagina clamp on her, preferring to leave the girl's organ thoroughly exposed. "Now we have some special fashions for you to model, my dear," said Mrs. Baker. "You will find them rather unusual." From her kit she took out a satin blouse. She held it up for the girl to see. Linda's eyes went wide. The inside of the blouse was sewn with many sharp thorns, all facing inward and spaced closely together over the whole cloth. Even the long sleeves were similarly made, all the way down to the cuffs. While Carol and Paulette held the prisoner, Mrs. Baker



put the girl's hands into the sleeves. But as soon as she felt the thorns pricking her skin, the girl screamed and cried out so much that Mrs. Baker was forced to stop until the girl was quieted with a leather gag over her mouth. "Now we are ready to continue to dress you properly, my little harlot!" Mrs. Baker said.

With a wicked gleam in her eyes, the shapely woman slipped the thorny sleeves up the captive's arms and then buttoned the cuffs tightly on her wrists. Linda shook and squirmed painfully as she felt the effects of the thorns on her arms and shoulders. But that was only the beginning! Now the blouse was pulled around the victim's body and slowly, in great physical distress, the girl was covered by the bizarre garment. Mrs. Baker worked the buttons from hem to neck, closing the thorn-infested garment over the young, tender creature. As the numerous thorns dug into the yielding flesh, the girl twisted and writhed, mumbling incoherently into her leather gag. The thorns were just large enough to prick the girl wherever they touched her skin, and they were not quite sharp enough to cut. However, they were very effective as a punishment device. The blouse looked quite innocent and attractive from the outside.

"Ah, how sweet you look in it, dear!" Mrs. Baker said to the captive girl. "Let's see how you look in these!" She held up a pair of nylon panties all covered with ruffles. Inside were the fearful thorns, all sewn in position! Mrs. Baker slipped them on the girl and pulled them up tightly, subjecting her to all sorts of discomfort on the belly, thighs, and buttocks. The girl's hips were poked so cruelly that she kept twitching them back and forth, as though to shake the panties off. Fortunately, the panties were crotchless, or it might have been worse!

"Now, I believe you wanted something to fill up this big opening of yours, my pet," said Mrs. Baker. She showed the girl a huge rubber penis with rubber thorns all around the end. It was over a foot long and very, very thick! This device just barely could fit into Linda's vagina, squeezing its way in so tightly that Mrs. Baker had to really push hard to get the whole thing into her! Once in, it was held in with stretch bands around the thighs and waist so it could not work its way out even a little. Linda felt the object cramming her whole passage and doing something to her where the thorny end of it was touching her deeply. She could hardly take a breath or move a muscle with that big thing in her!

"How does that feel, baby?" asked Mrs. Baker. Carol and Paulette laughed and looked up at Bill, who watched everything through the mirrors as he hung from the crane above. His penis was still fully stretched out and willing. They could see him straining to move it by squirming, thereby hoping to discharge his sperm all over the girl below. But it was to no avail.

Next, Mrs. Baker took some long, satin treader pants, all lined inside with the same kind of thorns as the other items. She forced these on the girl, closing up a zipper over the buttocks to make the garment as close-fitting as possible. Each leg had laces, which she also did up. And just when the girl thought she could stand no more, her feet were slipped into shoes with six-inch heels, and the insides of the shoes were lined with coarse sandpaper!

"Well, I think you are beginning to appreciate your punishment, darling!" said Mrs. Baker. "All we need is a little something for your face." She took out a punishment helmet of leather which also had thorns lined all over the interior. This was fitted over the girl's head and laced in place, just leaving openings for the eyes, mouth, and ears. All over her head and face the girl could feel the thorns doing their work. Now her whole body was racked with pain, where the terrible thorn-garments touched her. Added to all this, her torturer clamped burs to her ear lobes, and put a necklace of burs around the girl's soft neck. Linda's mouth was shaped into a pucker by the opening in the helmet. Now the pretty captive was shackled to a ring overhead, and her feet were bound together, making her helpless.

Her satin blouse and treader pants, together with the shiny high heels, looked very pretty and comfortable on her. Carol snapped photos of the unwilling model, capturing the painful look in her eyes as she experienced the pricks of countless thorns against her body. One by one, Mrs. Baker and the girls took turns embracing the unfortunate girl and kissing her pretty, puckered mouth. This caused no end of smarting and stinging and little stabbings, especially where the girls ran their hands over Linda's sore bosom. When they were content, Linda was crying and tears ran down over her leather mask in streams. Nevertheless, it was observed that she made secretive attempts with her hips and thighs to maneuver the rubber penis in and out whenever she thought no one could see.

Now it was Bill's turn. His mother operated the crane, and brought him down to the floor. She and the girls freed him from the restraining device and let him off the platform. He was sore all over from his long bondage on the crane, and his penis still stood out pleadingly before the group of females. His sister jeered at him as he stood in Linda's baby doll, panties, bra, and high heels and nylons. He wanted to duck into a closet and hide himself. The panties were all torn and falling down where Linda had torn them to expose his organs.

"For you, Trixie, I have a special treat! You will eventually like it, I know!" said Mrs. Baker. She took out a hypodermic syringe and held it up. Bill's penis quickly lost its erection. He was now pretty worried at what was going to happen. But very soon the girls had grabbed him and he had been given the injection. It was his first hormone shot! He was going to be turned into a girl!

His mother and the girls dressed him again in his lingerie and dress, together with the petticoats and high heels. They led him out, with a final word to Linda to let her know someone would come later to release her: a man. Mrs. Baker had gotten the key to Linda's apartment, so she could do as she liked. She hinted that the man would need to do something to her first before letting the prisoner go. Linda was left to guess what this would be!

That was the last Bill saw of Linda for a long time. During the next two or three months he was kept under his mother's custody and required to wear nothing but girl's attire during the day, or negligees at night. He was given regular hormone injections of female hormones, with the result that he soon found his voice changing to a higher, feminine tone, and discovered he no longer had a beard to shave. But the biggest surprise of all was the enormous pair of delightful womanly breasts he developed. It was almost beyond belief, him nude: a combination of lovely thirty-eight-inch boobs and an eleven-inch penis! Needless to say, the girls invented all sorts of games to play with him in bed nights, much to everyone's satisfaction. Carol and Paulette equally enjoyed kissing his maidenly breasts as much as taking his big penis into their wombs! He sometimes enjoyed as many as six climaxes in one night. His mother, of course, was the most pleased of all. He had become her new daughter.

Part Two: The Pleasure Boat

It was June. "Trixie" was trembling with excitement--his mother, sister, and cousin were taking him on a pleasure trip by boat to South America. Since he had been given hormone treatments and developed a fine, thirty-eight-inch bosom, he now had a decided preference for bras which left as much of his breasts nude as possible. For the present occasion he selected from his dresser a daring satin half-bra---in fact, it was really only a quarter-cup bra, leaving the nipples and about 75% of his breasts uncovered! Over this revealing confection, he chose to wear a thin, quite transparent silk blouse. The nipples stood out boldly through the cloth, and Bill felt completely satisfied with the result. He continued dressing for his trip, selecting the loveliest lace panties, satin half-slip, an elegant brocade skirt, and black nylons with matching high heels. His hair had been set in a stylish coiffure, and his makeup was perfect. He only needed to slip a feminine sweater over his shoulders and he was ready to start.

When his mother and the girls saw him, they expressed satisfaction. They looked him all over and went round him, touching him here and there and primping his hair. His mother adjusted his skirt a little and eyed his feminine charms critically. "Are you really sure you want to wear that blouse with that bra?" she asked. "Why not?" Bill retorted "No harm to let my nipples show a little! I kind of like it." Paulette ran her hands softly over his breasts, watching him enjoy it. "My, they certainly are nice ones!" she remarked. While she was doing this, Carol was examining Paulette's breasts in the same way. The girls had on stunning silk dresses that enhanced every curve of their lovely bodies. Mrs. Baker wore a satin sheath dress, which looked very well on her slim figure. She let the girls play for a minute, then reminded them it was time to get started on their trip. Paulette gave her sisterly brother a loving kiss before letting him go.

They arrived on the steamship in good time. Bill drew many long, pleasing looks from the men on board as they watched him walk along the decks in his high heels. Of course, Mrs. Baker and her girls were equally admired. Although he had his feminine sweater on his shoulders, Bill preferred to leave it open so his



womanly bosom could be seen to advantage. He adored the way the quarter-brassiere pushed his breasts up and swayed them gently against the blouse as he walked. It was really all he could do to keep himself from touching them, they were so tempting and inviting. What a lark, to be strolling like this along the promenade deck with all the passengers looking! His brocade skirt and petticoats draped gracefully over his legs, creating an alluring image. He truly wanted to hug the skirt to his thighs---or, to have some one else do it!

The first day on board was an exciting one, getting under way, and so on. That night, in their stateroom, the girls took turns working big dildos into each other's pussy and masturbating Bill's penis in their mouths. They hugged and squeezed him all over in his pretty negligee, and made him put his penis into his mother while they sucked on her tits. Mrs. Baker squealed with delight as she felt the organ climax inside her. Then she sucked on Bill's heavy balls while Paulette and Carol both licked his penis and alternately took its head between their lips while they used big vibrators in their cunts. Finally, just to tease him, they locked him out on the deck late in the night with just a thin pair of panties on! As the ladies watched through the windows, Bill took a firm grip on his exploding penis and jerked off in the panties! Luckily, no one was around outside, and he was let back in without being caught. He had enjoyed having his breasts exposed that way.

They woke up in the morning with Bill sleeping between Carol and Paulette. Bill and the girls all wore nylon nightgowns. The mother slept alone in a second bed in the adjoining room. She had not made a sound all night. Quietly, Bill and the girls got up and crept to the partially open door of the other room. There they saw Mrs. Baker on her hands and knees in bed, with a lusty German shepherd dog mounted on her and ramming its penis into her eager vagina! The lovely woman was grunting and arching her back to get more.

"Why, mother!" Paulette cried. "How can you!"

Not at all ashamed at being caught, her mother replied, "You can't imagine how wonderful it is having a dog do it to you! I've been letting him do it to me all night long. And what a tongue on him! Oh, honey!"

The girls and Bill exchanged looks of amazement and curiosity.

"Let's help her!" Carol suggested. She and Paulette took their big dildos with them, and Bill brought a vibrator. One rubber penis went quickly into Mrs. Baker's anus, arousing her to fever pitch. A second rubber device went into Carol's aching vagina, and the vibrator went into Paulette's love organ. Bill released his aroused penis and thrust it into the dog's anus! The two girls kissed each other, Mrs. Baker, Bill, and even the dog. The animal liked the whole scene and was doing quite a job on Mrs. Baker. At one point, Carol went in front of the dog and had him put his tongue into her vagina as she held it wide open for him. After everybody had their climax, Paulette let the big dog stand over her face and she took his vigorous penis in her mouth. Carol used a dildo to stimulate the dog's anus and speeded him to a lusty climax in Paulette's mouth and all over her face! It was quite a show for the others.

Eventually, everyone got dressed to go to breakfast. Bill, in another sexy blouse and skirt, made a sensation in the dining room. As they ate they had a fine view of the open sea reaching all around their steamer. The dog sneaked under the table, where he was hidden from sight by the long tablecloth. Bill and his mother and the two girls were all seated together, and one by one they recognized the friendly touch of the dog's nose on their legs while he went around to each. Of course, they all agreed not to let the animal be discovered. As Bill and the rest had all worn open-crotch panties, they were soon in for a secret treat! Bill noticed Paulette's face suddenly looking shocked. She nearly dropped her spoon in her coffee. She whispered something to her mother, and Bill saw Mrs. Baker smile. Then Paulette's eyes closed and she held her breath for a moment. Then she sighed and continued to eat her breakfast, looking quite relieved.

Next, Bill saw Carol looking very faint and her face paled noticeably. She put her knife and fork down suddenly and tried to stand, but dropped again in her chair. Paulette and Mrs. Baker were watching the scene with amusement. "Oh! Oh! Heavens!" Carol mumbled to herself, nearly losing control. "Oh, if anyone notices I'll die!" she added. Paulette and her mother laughed, while Bill simply looked on in wonder. Of course, he guessed what the trouble must be, and at the thought of it his penis shot up through the crotchless panties and caused a great bulge in his skirt. Carol

struggled bravely to regain her composure while nibbling at her toast. But at last she shut her eyes tightly and closed her fists on the table, unable to ignore the sensations she experienced. When the moment passed, she went back to eating her food.

Mrs. Baker received her turn, and displayed the best control. Except for a soft giggle or two and a slight tremble of her hands, one could hardly tell anything was happening to her. But the enjoyment was plain to see on her face. Other passengers could ascribe this to the good flavor of the ham and eggs, however. Finally, it was Bill's turn. As he was tasting his French toast, he felt the dog begin to lick his exposed penis under the table! Immediately, Bill's excited organ swelled even more between his nylon-clad thighs. The dog then started licking his balls with that long, rough tongue that could do such work on sensitive areas. Bill paused in his breakfast, and the females looked at him closely. He felt his face burning with excitement and embarrassment. It was very diverting for the others. He tried to squeeze the dog out with his legs, but the creature only took his whole penis in its mouth and nestled intimately under Bill's skirt and petticoats! With the sex organ in its mouth, the animal could still reach its tongue out and lick Bill's pubic area and balls. The dog licked and sucked the entire length of Bill's organ, evidently enjoying the opportunity. Bill couldn't help saying something, even though he tried to be silent. To the general mirth of the others, he mumbled things like, "Uh! Uh! Oh, I can't stop him! It's coming! Oh, it's coming!" And he hurriedly gulped down a glass of cold water during this emergency. A passing cigarette girl eyed him strangely. Even she could see the excited state of Bill's nipples through the silk blouse.

After breakfast, Mrs. Baker took her company to a place where she knew they would see a special show. They went into a private room where just certain people were allowed to enter. There were a number of passengers seated around an open space in the middle of the room where some Latin Americans were dancing the bimbo. Bill's mother led him and the girls to seats near the front. Bill sat, carefully arranging his skirts to cover as much of his thighs as possible. He soon found the dance of particular interest. A pretty island girl was leaning backward to do the dance, and she wore only a pair of high heels! He wondered how she could do the dance in

the heels, which were six inches tall. As she leaned back, she gradually lowered herself to pass under the pole set horizontally between two upright sticks. While she was passing under it at a height of only about three and a half feet, one of the males in the show attached two metal clips on her nipples! The woman had her head thrown back and let out a delirious shriek.

The next time she passed a bit lower, as the pole was let down a notch, and as she went by again, another male slipped a large dildo into her vagina! Passing even lower again, she received a second dildo into her anus! She shrieked with delight. On her lowest pass, she was met by a throbbing male penis in her mouth which prevented her from moving completely under the pole. She stopped in that position, with the pole just grazing her midriff, and she gripped the male's thighs with both hands. She sucked on the penis, while her legs moved and shook under her to excite the organs filled with dildos. The man came off all over her face and neck and breasts, and was quickly replaced by a second male. He filled her mouth with his balls and jerked off all over her. A third male replaced him, still keeping the island girl in her bent-over attitude. He merely placed his penis on the girl's lips while a second girl bent low and kissed his penis onto the dancer's mouth. As the two girls kissed with the penis between their lips, it came off and showered sperm clear down to the bent girl's thighs and knees. Then the second girl stood over the lowered girl and placed her vagina on the dancer's mouth, rubbing herself madly until she climaxed. That was the finale.

During this exciting exhibition, Bill felt his penis growing harder and harder beneath the concealing petticoats and skirts surrounding him in his seat. With his girl's sweater pulled on to cover his hands, he felt his nipples intimately through the silk blouse and aroused himself even more. By the end of the show his organ had stiffened to unbelievable dimensions, finally climaxing of its own accord and showering sperm all over his nylons! Feeling very embarrassed, he looked out of the corner of his eye at the girls sitting on either side of him. It was quite a surprise when he saw what they were doing! Both Carol and Paulette had pulled up their skirts and spread their legs apart, oblivious of anyone, freely plunging their fingers into their vaginas and simultaneously



rubbing their own bosoms in their unbridled passion. Looking still further around, Bill noticed his mother. She had raised her skirts also, and had lifted her leg over the lap of a nearby female so the latter could insert a long vibrator in Mrs. Baker's excited love organ! While that was going on, two young men came up to Carol and Paulette and presented the girls with a view of two hardened penises ready for action! The men had pulled out their organs through the fly of their pants and soon had these eager penises shoved deeply into the girls. Having seen enough, Bill jumped up and rushed out of the room, seeking the safety and quiet of their stateroom.

Bill changed himself in the room, removing the soiled stockings and cleaning himself up. Now he might have a chance to put on his male clothing again, if there was any male clothing. But, of course, Mrs. Baker had made sure there would be plenty of dresses in their wardrobe, and nothing for males. Not only that, but with the constant hormone treatments he received, Bill now felt an unmistakable liking for the dainty things he was forced to wear. The powerful estrogen had produced a womanly bosom on him, had altered his voice to a female alto, had made his appearance more feminine, and also had given him an urge to be accepted and treated as a female. He was definitely a captive of silks, and he contributed freely to his own condition. In short, he soon dressed himself in heavenly feminine attire, parading in front of the mirror in his mother's satin slip. Then he lounged comfortably on the bed, looking at television and generally enjoying the state of being a pretty little girl.

In about an hour Mrs. Baker and the girls came in looking quite done in. Their hair was rather wild and disheveled, and their clothes looked a little the worse for wear. Carol's lipstick was smeared, and Paulette's stocking had a run. And Bill's mother had some wet stains on her skirt, which she attempted to cover with her handbag. They said nothing to Bill, but went in the next room to clean up. When they came out in pretty silk dresses and with their hair repaired, they were in a better mood. Mrs. Baker sent out for refreshments, tossing Bill a pink satin robe to put on so the steward could come in. Bill wouldn't mind if the steward saw him in a slip, but it wasn't proper deportment, as his mother liked to say. He donned the pink robe, contenting himself to be seen in that. He did make sure the steward got a good glimpse of his legs in sheer black nylons.

Mrs. Baker's party relaxed and took refreshments until lunch time. Then Bill put on an adorable yellow lace dress to accompany the others out on deck. They walked leisurely, taking in the ocean air and getting up an appetite, and at the same time permitting other passengers a good view of silks and lace. Bill especially liked the plunging neckline of his dress which showed a tempting expanse of bosomy flesh. He was wearing a push-up bra to emphasize the shape of his breasts. He was proud of his woman's breasts and could hardly be persuaded to cover them decently. The more he was looked at and admired, the happier he felt.

Bill and the girls ate a light lunch and passed the afternoon casually exploring the ship. At around four o'clock they went back to their cabin to rest. As they were changing into their evening dresses, Bill's mother explained a plan she had for him. "I've invited a nice looking young man to meet you," she told Bill. "He'll be taking you to dinner and to a dance this evening. Your name will be 'Beatrice' to him; so don't mention 'Trixie', because that sounds rather unsophisticated. I want you to encourage him. Later, he may come here with you and we can have some fun with him. You see, I'm planning to have you teach him how to be a transvestite. So you will have to hint at the idea in order to prepare him for it. Be sure you do a good job, darling!"

Bill and the girls thought it a clever idea. To Bill the plan had a special appeal, since it meant he could watch another male go through what he had suffered already. Nothing could give him greater satisfaction than to see someone else experience the transformation into womanhood. Tingling with anticipation, he dressed himself in a floor-length black satin gown with a halter neck that begged for a glimpse of his bare breasts. Under it he wore only the tiniest panties and a silk half slip, plus pantihose and high heels. With his hair combed straight over bare shoulders, he was ravishingly feminine.

Just before six, Charles Marston came to take pretty Beatrice Baker to dinner. Charles was thoroughly pleased when he saw his lovely date, informing Mrs. Baker that she had not exaggerated her "daughter's" beauty in the least. Bill beamed with pleasure and made a modest little curtsy, looking so girlish and graceful that his mother was proud of him. He was absolutely enthralled

in his woman's costume and accepted his role so willingly it was doubtful he would ever leave off wearing dresses for the rest of his life. Taking the young man's arm, he followed him with rustling skirts through the door.

Dinner was a perfect success, leaving Charles quite enchanted with his young "lady". He never dreamed his date might be a male in disguise. In the romantic atmosphere, they chatted gayly together and sometimes touched hands and exchanged ardent glances. Charles found himself increasingly attracted to this heavenly creature, and unable to take his eyes off "her". At the dance, Bill was soon in the handsome fellow's arms, being whisked around the floor in a dream of swirling skirts and swaying hips. He felt so undeniably female that it didn't disturb him in the least to be dancing with a male partner. In fact, it was very pleasant to be held and led across the floor that way. And since Bill was a good dancer, he easily played the part of a girl. While they danced, he made his first hint to the young man. Charles had complimented him on his beautiful satin gown, saying how divine he looked in it. "Oh, really," Bill answered suavely, "it would look just as divine on you." The remark put Charles into some confusion and made Bill laugh in his pretty, girlish way. But the laugh was infectious and caused Charles to forget his surprise.

Later, when they were sitting at a table and drinking a Manhattan, Charles said something to Bill about what a perfect figure he had, and that he should be a fashion model. "Thank you," Bill replied. "But I'd be willing to bet with the proper equipment you'd make just as good a model as I would." This time Charles' face went red and he finished his drink with a swallow. But Bill's coquettish laugh smoothed over the shock as before. The secret thought of putting Charles in dresses and lingerie made Bill's eyes sparkle in a way that charmed his date no end. Never did the handsome playboy imagine he might soon be donning girls' nylon stockings! While strolling on deck in the moonlight, Charles suddenly drew his pretty date closer and kissed the ruby lips he adored. Bill closed his eyes and enjoyed the fun of deceiving this male with his disirableness and completeness of being the weaker sex. In the close embrace Bill's nylons whispered softly against the satin and silk of his attire, and his perfume sweetly overwhelmed the senses of his admirer.

"Beatrice," the young man called him in a whisper, "I must have you! I'll give you anything! Please be mine!"

"Charles!" Bill scolded sweetly. "You'll spoil my lipstick. Please let go of me!"

Charles released him. But he stayed close and continued raving in an intimate, low voice. "Oh, Beatrice! How I want you! I even adore your precious feet in those high heel shoes you have on."

"Yes," Bill retorted, "and I'm sure you'd also adore your own precious feet if they were in these high heel shoes!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just as you would adore your own legs in these nylon stockings!"

"What?"

"And the same way you would adore your own bust if it were shaped like mine!"

"This all sounds so outré! What are you saying, Beatrice?"

"I'm saying you are infatuated, Charles---infatuated by a fancy gown and high heels. That's all it is!"

"I don't think so, Beatrice."

"We'll see," Bill said. Straightening his dress, he nodded in the direction of the cabin. Once again, Charles escorted his date along the deck and down the companionway to the stateroom where Mrs. Baker and the girls were located.

As it was not very late, Charles was instantly invited into the compartment. He was greeted with lovely smiles by all the women and given refreshments and a comfortable seat. He was delighted. In fact, he would have felt right at home except for the sight of a girl's party dress hung on a hanger on a door in the room. Mrs. Baker caught his eye when he looked at the garment, but she made no apology for its being there. Instead, she only smiled mysteriously. Carol had sat down close to the same door and several times Charles noticed her touching the skirt of the dress and looking directly at him! It confused him considerably.

While the others entertained their guest, Bill went into the other room. He returned wearing a scanty negligee which revealed his bare breasts and panties underneath. Charles was shocked. He started to get up, but Carol and Mrs. Baker forced him to remain in his seat. Bill went over and presented a luscious breast in his face, and suddenly Paulette snapped a flash picture of Charles



with the excited nipple touching his mouth! Before Charles could do anything, they had taken several pictures of Bill and him in suggestive poses, showing the couple kissing and embracing. Poor Charles was too late to stop it. Then Mrs. Baker informed him that if he cooperated in their plan she had, then the photos would not be exposed. Unable to risk his reputation, Charles agreed. He was speedily sent into the other room to remove his clothes. He came back wearing only a pair of girl's nylon panties!

As the women laughed and giggled at their captive, Charles was forced to permit Bill to put him in a padded satin bra. Bill added a garter belt, nylon stockings, a stunning lace slip, earrings, lipstick, makeup, and a girl's wig. The finishing touch was provided by the pink party dress that hung on the door. With that on, Charles was made convincingly into a girl. He was perfumed and ordered to parade around the compartment in the most feminine manner possible. Bill enjoyed watching the young man in his extreme humiliation. It was a reward for all he had been through. Carol and Paulette took turns kissing Charles and caressing him, adding to his obvious discomfort. Then Mrs. Baker opened a trunk and took out some chains. With these she had some shackles and locks. Before he could do a thing, Charles found himself bound up tightly in chains and forced down on his knees on the floor. High heels were slipped on his feet and his ankles were held immovably in the chains and irons. His arms were pinioned behind him and his head was laced into a punishment helmet of leather and fastened so that his face was raised. He was positively helpless.

Now Bill was ordered to approach the feminized prisoner. Mrs. Baker had Bill slowly remove his panties in front of Charles. It was amazing to see the captive's expression as he watched the panties slip down and saw a penis nearly a foot long sticking out in a very excited state before him! Charles was now ordered to take the penis on the end of his tongue and lick it thoroughly. Having no choice in the matter, he did it. As he licked the aroused sex organ, he felt his emotions growing turbulent. He noticed that Bill was reacting visibly to the treatment. Suddenly, Bill grabbed his penis in one hand and began masturbating it in the forced transvestite's mouth, while he also grabbed and yanked at his own balls! Charles felt the hard penis jerking into his mouth and felt the balls being whacked against his chin while the nylon negligee brushed

his face softly. He pulled vainly at his chains and squirmed in the humiliating party dress, hating the emasculating effect of the girl's attire. But it was no use. And then he felt something subtle happening to him. He unconsciously began to suck on the big penis in his mouth. His tongue began to move over the organ in rapid little jerks, exciting the penis even more and causing Bill to pull it faster into the captive's mouth. Carol's flash caught the feminine couple in their heated exertions, showing the passionate looks on their faces, with the expressions heightened by the touches of mascara, eye shadow, penciled eyebrows, and cupid's-bow lips of bright red! When Bill reached his climax, Charles was straining every muscle in his body beneath the soft influences of the dress and lingerie, and the harsher influence of the rattling chains that held his arms and legs and were wound in a powerful grip around his body. Bill kept going until every drop was squeezed out of his penis, letting the creamy rod slide all over the captive's lips. And Charles kept kissing it, getting all the sperm out of it and using his tongue with gay abandon! At last Bill withdrew the sperm-covered organ slowly from the girl-boy's mouth, with it still erect even after being totally spent.

When that was done, Carol and Paulette gave Charles a chance to rinse out his mouth while they also lifted his dress and rubbed his nylon-clad legs and ran their hands over the new "girl's" tight panties. The panties were tighter than ever now, due to a big bulging in them where Charles' sex organs strained to be released. The girls discovered Charles' penis stretched to a full twelve inches. Carol took a length of ribbon and cleverly bound the big penis backward between Charles' thighs to keep it out of sight. With the panties pulled well up against him, his penis and balls were not so noticeable. The girls laughed and kissed Charles dozens of times until he was feeling faint and weak in his womanly condition. While they did all that, Mrs. Baker lifted her skirt and slip and worked her vagina with her fingers right in Charles' face until she had an orgasm!

At that point, Charles was released from his chains. There was no need to worry about him now, for Carol had taken snapshots and movies of the whole act. Charles was like putty in their fingers. He looked stunned, and kept eyeing Bill with an expression of

disbelief. Although he now realized by dint of incontestable proof that his "Beatrice" was not a female at all, still he felt attracted to this bizarre example of the opposite sex. Seeing "her" again in the panties and negligee, Charles couldn't resist an impulse to touch this feminine dream. Softly, he reached out and put his hands on Bill's bosom. The breasts were so soft and yielding, so perfect that they had to be a woman's---and yet they were not. This woman was a man, but a man with a woman's charms and attributes. Charles had never been so perplexed in his life. If he still wanted this "woman", he would have to want the maleness of her body as well. If the illusion weren't so complete, Charles would know how to react. But here was a puzzle which made his senses reel.

As an initiation into his new life as a girl, Charles was coerced to remain in the stateroom and to sleep with Mrs. Baker that night. Before he went to bed, he had to shave his body to make it more feminine. Then he was put into a long, satin nightgown and satin bra and panties. Still not being allowed any climax of his sexual desires, which had been greatly aroused by the evening's activities, Charles was made to sleep next to Mrs. Baker all night. The shapely mother went to bed entirely naked, to add to the victim's suffering. Knowing she was lying there beside him completely nude was enough to drive him mad, but he was strictly forbidden to put his hands on her for the whole night. With the threat of certain exposure over his head, Charles did as he was instructed. But his penis was in a painful condition during the long hours of that night, and was still in the same shape when he got out of bed next morning.

While he was putting on his lace slip and dress, Charles saw Mrs. Baker stretched out in the nude on the bed with her legs spread provocatively. She had pushed the sheet down and let him see her from head to toe. She was a gorgeous creature. There was a smile on her lips while she looked at him dressing before her. Then, while he stood there, she took something from her stand by the bed. It was a clamp, which she clipped onto her vagina and fastened in place with bands around her body. This device held her woman's organ in the widest, most inviting position, so that a penis could readily slip right inside her just by its own weight. She reached to the stand and took a long vibrator, inserting it slowly into herself. While Charles watched, she enjoyed a leisurely orgasm!

After the girls and two men were dressed in their silks, satins, taffetas, and lovely lace dresses, Mrs. Baker ordered their breakfast served in the stateroom. The steward arrived with the food and looked very surprised at all the glamorous females. While he placed the silverware, he glanced with interest at Charles' smooth, nylon-clad legs. Charles blushed all over, like a young maiden. Before going out again, the steward winked at him. All the girls laughed, including Bill. After breakfast, Mrs. Baker announced a special plan she had for the day. The girls were going to take Charles out for a promenade around the deck, then he was to serve tea at a little party to be attended by his mother, father, sisters, and his aunt! The thought of doing this in girl's clothes made Charles' blood race. Bill smiled contentedly.

Right away, they put the plan into action. Charles and Bill led the way, followed by the females of the party. As the two young men minced along the deck in their dresses and high heels, the curious passengers strolling by directed lingering glances at them. Charles felt very awkward in the unfamiliar feminine attire, but he did his best to walk in a ladylike manner to escape suspicion. He swung his hips the way he had seen girls do it, feeling very ashamed of himself for behaving that way. Bill looked at him and smiled approvingly. They made the tour of the ship, visiting every spot where the young men in dresses could be seen to advantage. From time to time they were met by acquaintances, who were introduced to the pretty "girls" by Mrs. Baker. Bill adored meeting people, and he always made a little curtsy. Charles didn't want to do this, but he was instructed by Mrs. Baker to curtsy just as Bill did. Doing such a girlish thing was very disagreeable to Charles. He disliked having to hold the hem of his dress to do it. And every time he curtsied, it was like yielding to the subjugation of the women.

The smell and vigor of the salt air soon revived their appetites at just about the time for tea. Mrs. Baker took her party to a private drawing room, entering through a small cabin adjoined to it. In the cabin they stopped to change Charles' dress, putting him into a maid's outfit. The costume had been hung there for the purpose. Carol and Paulette helped him into it. Bill put the white cap and apron on him. When Charles was ready, he was taken into the kitchen by one of the girls while Mrs. Baker and the rest went in the drawing room to greet Charles Marston's family.

Mrs. Baker introduced "Beatrice" and her other daughter, Paulette. Bill curtsied in his elegant silk dress and made the Marstons smile. He met Mr. and Mrs. Marston, then curtsied to the three daughters and their aunt. The daughters were Desiree, Irene, and Dorothy. The aunt's name was Priscilla. Mrs. Marston apologized for her son, Charles, being absent. She would have been quite speechless to know how close he really was. In fact, he was momentarily seen entering the room in a maid's mini-outfit and pushing a tea cart. The maid's uniform was of black satin and the skirt was extremely brief and flared at the thighs, now and then allowing a peek at lovely pink panties as Charles moved across the room. His long legs were seen to their fullest advantage in sheer black nylons. The white apron was tied very close at his waist, which added an alluring effect to his nicely proportioned womanly bosom. He made a bold looking maid in such a costume, creating quite a stir as he first clicked his high heels on the floor.

But no one in his family recognized him as he pushed the chrome cart and approached the party, followed closely by Carol, who had told him what he should do. Stepping very cautiously in his high heel shoes, Charles went first to his mother and served her. He dreaded the thought of her discovering him, and hardly dared look her in the face. "My, what a handsome young girl!" Mrs. Marston declared as she saw the "maid" at closer quarters. Charles trembled so that he nearly spilled the tea from the cup and saucer. As his mother took it, he curtsied quickly to her. His father made him all the worse by giving him a sly wink as Charles minced over to him with the tea. Charles realized that glimpses of his panties were seen as he bent over the cart, but nothing could be done to avoid it. He went in turn to Desiree, Irene, and Dorothy, curtsying to each of his sisters. He detested waiting on his sisters in this feminine costume, knowing they regarded him as inferior and beneath their dignity. Yet he was troubled by an excitement he felt when he came near them in his satin dress. He almost wanted them to know it was him in this beautiful costume and made up so prettily that they actually admired him!

Finally, he served his aunt, Priscilla. She looked at him closely, as though she saw something familiar in his face. "Strange!" she remarked to one of the sisters. "This girl reminds me somehow

of your brother, Charles." But no one was listening at the time, and they failed to notice how frightened he was at those words. He escaped out of the room without being detected and went into the kitchen by himself. "I wonder who that maid is," Priscilla said after he left. "She has such a resemblance to Charles, I think he would be amazed to see her."

"Oh, I don't imagine he'd want to see a female who resembled him," said Mrs. Marston.

"You could be mistaken in that," Mrs. Baker put in, winking at her girls.

Carol approached the door to the kitchen, where Charles had been alone for a few minutes. Suddenly, she threw the door wide open. All the occupants of the drawing room looked and gasped at what they saw. There was Charles, masturbating himself wildly with his satin skirt held up and he was just climaxing in the lovely panties as everyone watched! His feet were pressed together and he was standing right up on his toes in the high heels, jerking the panties with one hand and holding the skirt high. His eyes were closed tight and his mouth was open, an expression of ecstasy on his face. He finally became aware of the party looking at what he was doing. He took one look and fled out of the room with a clatter of heels! Behind him he heard the loud laughter of females, his mother's being the most obvious.

The rest of the story is soon told. Mrs. Baker and her girls, together with "Beatrice", continued subduing young men as the voyage went on from day to day. Also, they recruited other females into their plot and had them help in the subjection of males. By the time they made Port of Spain, they had almost all the ship's company of females on their side and in agreement on the subject of female domination. As they sailed over the equator, they decided to have a special "initiation" for the men of the ship. About a dozen men had already been transformed into girls. Among them was the ship's captain and a few others in control of the vessel, so that no difficulty would arise during the "initiation". At the moment agreed on, all the men on the ship were drugged by the females. When the males regained their senses, they found themselves stripped nude and left in cabins with only feminine attire for them to wear! All the men's clothes were thrown overboard by the women. It was a real catastrophe!

Some of the men stubbornly resisted this change of affairs, locking themselves in their rooms for a long while and refusing to come out in female attire. But as there was really no alternative but to cooperate, and as they saw through their windows that other males were already giving in to the inevitable, more and more men came out on deck in the dresses which the women had provided them with. There was no need of force at all, because the men simply had to come out eventually, and as there were absolutely no other clothes to wear they just had to put on dresses and skirts! Even the men's shoes had been discarded. So the entire ship's company was to be seen walking the deck in high heel shoes. The only exception was for men who worked at jobs requiring other shoes, and they were given girl's flatties to wear. Mrs. Baker was delighted. She had never seen so many dresses and skirts on a steamer before. Bill and Charles felt quite a bit better to know they were no longer the exception, but the rule. They greeted other men they knew, complimenting them on their pretty fashions and makeup. All the males had been made up by the women now, and they even had wigs to wear. It had become an all-female ship!

When the ship arrived in Rio, there was a tremendous sensation at the pier. Photographers were on hand and news reporters. Crowds of curious spectators were thronging around the ship to see. Everyone was astounded at the sight of men in dresses and high heels, looking ladylike as they disembarked from the ship. They were followed by the women, who were laughing and giggling at their fine joke! There was not a single passenger who was not wearing a girl's dress. The whole incident resulted in an unexpected change in the Mardi gras plans at Rio. A special Mardi gras was held in honor of the American ship, and it featured the new idea of having all males attired in feminine clothes. All the men of the city turned out in girl's dresses and shoes, apparently enjoying it to the hilt! The fashion shops did a booming business. The transvestites were everywhere, dancing in the streets with the girls in their pretty costumes. The idea of men in pretty dresses and nylons became so chic that it was installed as a permanent part of the city's gala celebrations, and Mrs. Baker had been responsible for it all! She was seen at all the carnivals from then on, together with her daughters; Carol also made her appearance each year, with her new "girlfriend", Charles. He was once awarded a prize for the most charming feminine costume!

the end

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